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CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
The Maiden	MARY ALICE SALTER
Taus and Triads	JOAN CAREY
Mathematics and the Second Degree af Abstraction	PATRICIA WEAVER
Awakening	CAROL ANN KROMMER
Madonna of Manu-Ewa	PATRICIA CHING
Valiant Woman	CARRON VINCENT
From Nine to Three	PHYLLIS KINEY
Pilgrim Virgin	SALLY SNOW
Symbols of Chinese Gardens	BETTY MAE CABROL
"Let's Visit the Philosophers"	SHIRLEY DE LUCA, BETTY CABROL ROBERTA BOKEN, CLARA RUIZ
Tributes	SISTER ANGELA, S.N.

J. M. J.

Editorial

Our second issue of **Inter Nos** for 1955 belongs to the month of the Sacred Heart, whose blessing we ask for all our friends, contributors and subscribers. We also ask these friends to join us during June in giving some little extra time to prayer and acts of reparation to His Sacred Heart in sympathy to Him for the outrages committed by atheistic blasphemers; in prayer for the conversion of sinners, among whom there are many for whom no one prays; and as suffrages for the souls in purgatory. His generosity will reward abundantly any love and reverence His creatures offer, as though such service were gratuitous and not obligatory.

After copy for our last issue had gone to press, word was received that Miss Margaret Cain '56 had received first prize for her story "Abuelita." The Los Angeles Women's Press Club offers annually \$100 first prize for the best story written by a college student. Some comments of the judges of the stories were sent to Sister Marie de Lourdes, Chairman of the English Department. One judge said, in part, "This (Abuelita) is far and away the best story submitted. I chose it for its finer grain, its sharper, surer picture and artistic integrity.—A nice feeling for the Spanish turn of phrase—Beautiful descriptive writing, such as 'She walked along in the gnashing heat.'"

Miss Joan Carey's '56, story "Taus and Triads" appearing in the current number, received a gift of \$25 from one of the judges, though

such a prize was not officially offered. Some of his comments were: "Successful transcription of authentic big college atmosphere. The author observes closely and accurately. She has a true ear for dialogue. An excellent and saleable story of today's college youth."

Inter Nos takes this opportunity of congratulating the winners, and is happy for the opportunity of publishing their work.

THE MAIDEN

By Mary Alice Salter

*"Who is she that cometh forth like
the morning . . . fair as the moon, bright
as the sun, terrible as an army set
in array?"*

*Who is this maid that comes alone as morning?
Who, fair as May month's moon and lovers' skies
Appears, to blind us with our dull, dust eyes,
Her light as sweet, as clear and gold as dawning?
Who is this lady, standing on the mountain,
Who, jewel-like, reflects the awful sun?
Around the maid a canticle is begun,
And each drop from every splashing fountain
Sounds harmony with birds on heaven's stair.*

*Who is this girl whose frown, the singers say,
Is fearsome as an army in array?
And yet to her the weak things bring a prayer.
No maudlin nymph, nor childhood's saccharine fairys
Here stands the earth's great Virgin Mother, Mary.*

Taus and Triads

By Joan Carey

Awarded a special prize of \$25

The buildings of knowledge stood unnoticed on either side of David as he walked to chemistry class. This walk from the Student Union to chem was the most impressive on campus. He usually took this time to button-hole a new freshman: "Do you realize this building is one of 23 which house 35,000 students in one of the largest universities in the United States?" He relished that—"Are you crazy? No, you're Dave Ensign."—look.

Nothing in the world more pleasant than that freshman hero-worship. Dave Ensign, big man on campus, president of Reps Board.

"Hi, Dave."

"Josie, how are you?"

"The worst! Just had an econ test. It was bad. Hope I pull a 'c'."

"Don't worry; you will. McGregor gives tough tests, but he's a softie for effort. Gave me a 'B' for goodwill."

"That's encouraging. How are you, Mr. Man of the Hour? Is it true the Taus are running you for the big deal?"

"Wow, I've heard of ye old grapevine, but this beats all. This morning someone in the frat mentioned that I should consider running. So I'm considering."

"Personal clue, Dave. It's not the grapevine; it's the machine. I hope you're careful how you run."

"Josie, wait, what do you mean?"

"Consult your psychiatrist, Dave. I'm late for class."

Dave stood looking after the swinging figure of Josie; he started into the building, rubbing his hand over the inscription in the wall—"Knowledge is truth, and truth, good." He went into the lecture hall disturbing only the last two rows and took his seat beside Tom Allarde, frat brother. They gave mumbled hellos and turned to watch the professor's script.

"Well, studious one, extensive notes, I see."

A paper of doodles belied Dave's attention during class. Squares, circles, and women's hats were mixed in with notes on infinite series, Taylor's formula, and the remainder after nine terms.

"Huh? Oh, I guess I wasn't paying attention; I was thinking."

"Oh, blow on society. What a mistake!"

"Can it, Tom; I'm not in the mood."

"O.K. Thinking about the presidency by chance? Guess the Taus want you."

"You, too? Am I the last one around here to know what's going on? Josie came up before class. Not only did she kowtow, but I got the straight voodoo about the 'machine.' What's the pitch?"

"I'm out of it, Dave. Let's go eat. One hour of calculus flakes me. Bet we're having dog food on toast again."

"Did I ever tell you what a cheerful chap you are, Schopenhauer, Jr.?"

"Accept all honor with humility. Coming to the frat party tonight?"

"Maybe. Peg's got a term paper due. We might work on it tonight."

"Touching, Prince Valiant. Lost in the seclusion of poli sci, the two lovers work side by side, oblivious to all, only the tip-tap of keys breaking the scholarly silence."

"Tom, one question. Who brought the booze to the House?"

"Slim and I."

"Sip it?"

"One shot."

"Figures."

Candle wax, smoke, and perfume gave the room a stale taste even before the party had progressed very far. The liquor completed the stagnation, giving the room more of a New Orleans atmosphere than the intended Italian. By ten o'clock, you had to inhale to fit on the dance floor. Then Dave and Peg walked in. Dave had to bend to fit under the decorations so the first anyone saw of him was a bristly-blond crew cut. His head eased up and his expressive blue eyes explored the room. He turned, and helped Peg in.

Tom, much tighter than earlier, raised his glass and sputtered to the silent group, "Hail to the Chief."

The silence burst as the boys crowded around Dave.

"What's the scoop? Gonna run?"

"Hey, I heard you were declining."

"Dave, gonna let the Taus sponsor you?"

"First time Taus ever had a president."

"Be great publicity. Fill the scrapbook fast."

"C'mon, you guys. Cut it out. It's a long way to elections. I'm not sure I'll run and Peggy wants to dance, don't you, hon?"

Dave took Peggy's hand and worked his way to the dance floor answering questions as he went. "When We Come of Age" started a slow movement of dancing couples. Dave slid his arm loosely around Peg and they fell into the easy rhythm.

"They're all excited about the election, aren't they? Impressed?"

"Who, me?"

Peg dropped her hand to his lapel as she answered, "Yes, you. You beamed all over when Dick asked you to run."

"Sure, I'm impressed, hon. Who wouldn't be with a frat asking you to run for student body president."

"Oh, oh, here come Janie and Bill. Do you want to bet he rushes over, slaps your back, and grins, 'How are you and the little woman?'"

"Bill's really a card. He fractures me with those jokes of his."

"Well, don't look now; you're about to be fractured."

The thumping whack startled nearby dancers as Bill boomed into Dave's ear, "How are you and the little woman tonight?" Dave winced as much from Peg's laughing wink as from the blow.

"Fine, finished up a term paper earlier and we're really on."

"Good, bet your little bid for the big office helped, huh? Think it's real cool. You'll be the most as president. That's if you run. Don'tcha think he'd be good, Janie?"

"Sure do, Bill."

"Janie was just saying how great you'd be as president; weren't you, Janie?"

"Yes, I just was."

"Say, Dave, are you busy right now? I thought I might talk to you."

"As a matter of fact, I am. We have to leave early and I wanted to spend the evening with Peg."

"Just a minute. Besides, Janie came over to see if Peg wanted to go to the powder room with her. Right, Janie?"

"Could you come, Peg?"

Peg looked at Dave. She found the answer in his eyes and answered, "Of course, I'll go; be right back, Dave."

Dave turned to Bill as the two girls walked off. "Well?"

"C'mon into the other room; it's too noisy here."

"O.K., but I don't quite understand this huddle."

The boys walked to the porch and Bill continued. "I went to level with you, Dave. I think you can win the presidency. You've got the experience, the personality, the ability and all you need is support."

"This is quite a pitch from 'laughing boy.' I've never seen you so serious, Dave. I'm waiting for the pitcher of water, or is someone ready to shove me into the pool?"

Bill's eyes narrowed as he answered, "This is serious, Dave. You're going to be running for president within a seek. You're the man for the job. This means you have to have the right backing and I can give it."

"Slow down; you left me out in right field. First of all, if I run, it will naturally be on the Tau ticket; isn't that backing enough? Second of all, it's a big deal, but you're being too dramatic."

"It's up to you, Dave. Taus will back you; but have you ever noticed that Taus have never had a president? Or didn't it occur to you anywhere along your career at the U. that there was someone stronger than fraternities backing exec board candidates?"

Dave stared over the railing. The fog obscured his vision, so that it was only darkness that he watched. He suddenly turned to Bill.

"Now I'll level with you. Ever since someone first mentioned it, I've liked the idea. Sure, I want to be president; but I thought that my own personality was going to be my support and that I'd win or lose on that basis. I'm not completely naive; I know you need to belong to fraternity and know some of the right people to get nomi-

nated. With Taus running me and a good platform, I stand a chance. So there I am; pick it apart."

"Boy, you is more naive than you ever thunk. I wouldn't have believed that you could have gone through all these years in our fair community without realizing what was going on. Have you ever heard of the Triads?"

"Name's familiar. Is it a campus organization?"

Bill leaned over close to Dave and spurted into his ear. "Listen, boy, and I kid you not. The Triads control all elections for exec board on this campus. If you want to win, Davey, you'd better start thinking straight. See me tomorrow at ten-twenty, if you're interested."

"Am I hearing right? Control an election? Sounds like Tammany Hall or the Pendergash machine. Machine? So that's what Josie meant. Now it's projecting."

"Don't project any more; here come the girls." Bill's face reverted to his original smile, "Hiya, girls," he beamed. "Wanna hear a hysterical joke? Why'd the moron fill the gym with water? 'Cause he heard the coach was making him a sub. Dig it, Peggy?"

Peggy forced laughter into her voice. "Dig it the most, Bill. Have you two finished your business? The evening is fleeing."

"We're finished till tomorrow, huh, Dave? See you at ten-twenty. Been ripping, right, Janie?"

"Yes, it's been fun seeing you again."

When the couple on the other side of the room put on a mambo record, Dave motioned Peg to a table and went for a drink. He set the glasses on the checkered cloth and announced, "Bill was talking about the election. He said I didn't have enough support to win without his help. Sounds pretty fishy to me."

"So that's what he wanted. I tried to find out from Janie, but Bill never tells her what he's doing. What does he mean?"

"I wish I knew. He claims some group controls elections, that he can get them to back me. Wouldn't tell me any more until tomorrow."

"All that from Bill? I didn't think he ever had a sensible thought."

"That's what I thought, too. But believe me, he was dead serious."

"What are you going to do?"

"Right now, dance with you. Tomorrow, I'm not sure."

Dave came out of physics lab on his way to the "caf" when he saw Bill Sanders coming toward him. You couldn't mistake Bill—his shoulders jutting out over his body like yokes, and his practical-joker grin visible for miles. Dave started toward him.

"Hi, Davey, ole boy. How's physics lab, today? Split any profs?"

"On today, aren't you, Bill?"

"I'm always on. Just see the funny things in life, that's all. How's about our appointment? Want to go down to the Square for coffee?"

"O.K., Bill. I have class at 11:45; can't stay too long. Want to know what all this is about, though."

"Supposin' I talk as we shlush down. I'll take up where I left off. There's an unofficial org on campus, the Triads, who form a political party. They figure it's a good idea to have a group interested in politics around here since most of the kids vote for looks or personality or their best friend's choice."

"You're exaggerating. Most of the kids I know vote conscientiously."

"Listen! 35,000 undergrads enrolled. No more than 60% of them vote. That's about 21,000. Say three guys run for president. Even if each of them with more than 2100 of them. That's only 10% of the total vote. What do the other 90% base their vote on?"

"I never thought of it that way before."

"Exactly. Take your office. Only one section of the school voted you in as rep, the juniors. The people who voted for you knew you; there was no need for control. Now you're thinking about the big race. The Triads want the best man. We do it as a business."

Dave watched the worms on the sidewalk stranded by the morning rain. They wriggled in vain efforts to return to their earthen safety.

"Well, Dave, what now?"

"Huh? Oh, I don't know, Bill. Sounds like a good idea, but how do you do it? Why did you pick me? What about the dean?"

"Look, Dave, you decide to run; we'll take care of the details. All you have to concentrate on is being a good president, once we get you in. As far as the dean goes, we've never had any trouble. How about it?"

"I can't promise you anything until I know more about it, Bill. I decided to run last night, but I'm running for Taus unless you can give me better reasons for switching sponsors."

Bill's eyes opened wide as he beamed, "Greetings, Cat; what brings you to the lower level of society?"

Dave looked up and saw a sandy-haired boy of medium build walking lazily toward them. "Hi, Dick, did I tell you the rubber crop in southeast Indonesia dropped by 75% this year? They say it's because the sun came between Venus and Mars and left a shadow on Capricorn."

"Gee, thanks for the tip. I was just about to sink my last million on rubber. Now I'll go into dried oranges. Great for people who don't like juice in the morning, non-squirt, too. Just came over to ask you if you'd registered yet for the election."

"Not yet, Dick."

"Taus sponsoring you?"

"Who else, Little One? Think Davey's gonna let anyone else run the big campaign?" Bill blasted.

"I want you to know I'm with you. If I can help, just let me know. Gotta get on to class. By, Bill, Dave."

"Bill, I thought you wanted me to run for the Triads."

"I do."

"Then why the big Tau bit with Dick?"

"Oh, that. You'll be officially running for Taus. No one will know the Triads are backing you except us. Works better that way."

"What do the Triads want from me?"

"What'd you mean?"

"I got to thinking while Dick was here; you didn't just all of a sudden pick me. There must be some method in your business. What do the Triads want from me as president?"

"What I've been telling you all along; good government, a strong exec board, one picked for ability and not for their publicity."

"Things don't add up."

"Now what do you mean?"

"Let's review. You ask me for president on the Triad ballot; only the Triads can get me in. The methods are foolproof, yet you won't tell me what they are. I've never heard of them and you claim they run all elections. Strangest of all, you want nothing in return and no mention of Triads."

"C'mon, let's go in and talk over the drinks." Bill and Dave walked into a store overflowing with the college crowd. In the corner by the juke box, a few boys beat time to rhythm and blues. Dave and Bill greeted friends and waved to strangers until there was room.

"If we get you elected, we know you'll respect our suggestions. As president, you're responsible for appointments and have pull with both the administration and the exec board. We elect you; you listen to us; it's as simple as that."

"Who are the Triads?"

"I told you before. We're just a group interested in preserving good government on this campus. It would defeat our purpose if people knew who we were. This means that even if you run on Triad support, your name will still have Taus beside it."

"Do you have a cigarette?"

"Sure." Bill leaned over the booth and gave Dave a cigarette. "Two coffees, please."

Dave pulled an ashtray over. "Bill, one more question. How can you guarantee that I'll win?"

"I told you we'd take care of the details."

"I have to know how you'll do it before I'll run for the Triads."

"O.K. We're composed of people with know-how. There's a word of mouth campaign by students. It only takes one strong talker in every frat. Our boys are on this year's exec board and control all the balloting. They'll be at the polls to give people the word. I promise you can win with us; but if you decide not to hitch up, you're through on this campus."

"That's pretty strong stuff you're dishing out. If you're so hot on my being the best man, why should you switch to someone else because I wouldn't play ball?"

"The best man in office is the one who does the most good. We've made a study of the most good, and it includes someone who'll listen

to our suggestions. We want a good campus."

"I don't know; it sounds like a good deal. I'm not running to lose. Can I tell you tomorrow?"

"Sure. I'll see you before breakfast. We'll get you a campaign manager, so your only worry will be making yourself a good president."

Dave took the cup from the waitress, measured sugar onto his spoon and stirred the coffee.

"You're so positive we'll win; it's hard to believe you're basing it on this word of mouth deal."

"O.K., Sam Spade. You asked for it. I mentioned earlier that only 60% of the school votes. We take advantage of the 40% who don't."

"So it is fishy."

"Come off it, Dave. Sometimes you have to use fishy stuff to get what's best. We're smart enough to take advantage of another's stupidity. Tell me what's wrong with that? Does it matter how you get to be president as long as you're a good one? Supposing you should lose? Supposing the 'public' elects someone else? What have you proven? That you're a good egg and an honest Joe, even if the government goes to pot."

"We'll still keep it till tomorrow."

"Great. Remember, we're doing this for the school. It's our way of insuring a worthwhile student government. It's politics."

"I guess you're right, Bill. Hard to take all in one dose. Like I've been under a rock all my life."

"You have. Let's go; you'll be late for class if we don't."

"Holy smoke! I didn't realize how late it was."

"Go on, Dave. I'll take care of the bill."

"Thanks."

He pushed open the door and rushed into the numbing air.

Dave looked across the room at Peg bundled in a chair.

"Sounds like a T.V. spectacular," she said, "Have you thought of calling yourself, 'The Hunter,' or anything more original than just plain Dave?"

He tried to find her eyes to see if she were teasing, but Peg was looking at a picture of last year's prom.

"I thought maybe Rajah of the East Coast would do, like it?"

"Suits your personality and blond hair beautifully. Just think I can be Madame Rajah."

"It does sound schmaltzy sitting here talking it over with you, Peg. Seemed like big business while Bill was talking. What do you think?"

"What do you want me to think?"

He pushed his long legs across the carpet and slumped in the chair. "What do you mean, Hon?"

"You know what I mean. You've decided and all you want is agreement."

"You're wrong. I can't decide."

"It's a phony setup all the way; we both know that. It's a matter of whether you're running to win or just to run."

"Check. I can't win unless I go along with them. I don't like the principle, but I've been thinking that if I don't 'play ball' I'll be out in right field all alone."

"So you're going to be Mr. Rajah and run for the Triads?"

"I'm not sure. I know I won't be able to do anyone any good if I lose, and I might be able to do some good as president."

"I don't know if it helps, but I'll be out in right field with you if you lose; you won't be all alone."

"I don't know what to do, Peg. What do you think?"

"Here's where I come in. I think of my father, Dave, and the best advice he ever gave me, 'It's better to fail and know you should have succeeded than to succeed and realize you should have failed.' Sounds a little corny, I know; but this whole business is corny."

"I agree; that's what I've always thought."

"But now it's different."

"No, Honey, but if I win, no matter how, I'm the same person. I can do as much as president either way. No one on campus would know the difference."

"I don't see how we could lose."

"Except that we would know we should have."

"That's not true, Peg. I deserve the presidency."

"I know you do. That's why I want you to be proud of your election, to feel that the school wanted you. Don't you see, Darling?"

"Does it really matter if I pull a few strings?"

"Dear, it doesn't matter to me what you do. You asked me what I thought; I told you. Now you're trying to convince yourself, not me."

"That isn't so. I'm not trying to convince anyone. I'm trying to decide."

"Are you sure you'll lose if you don't run under the Triads? If you won alone, you'd really have a victory; and if you lost, at least you'd have the satisfaction of knowing you should have won."

"Not a chance of winning. With the ballots controlled, no one could beat them."

"Discouraging for any up and coming politician on this campus."

"Sure is."

"I wonder if your opponents know about this conspiracy? They have courage running if they do."

"They probably don't. Probably wouldn't run if they did. Too hopeless." Dave tapped a cigarette on the arm of his chair.

"It seems undemocratic when you say hopeless. Why not if it won't count?"

"Don't you see that's why I want to win. Only the Triads' candidate can; if someone else takes my place, he's likely to be their tool. If I win, I might be able to change things."

"Mostly yourself."

"What?"

"Nothing, Dave. I noticed how late it is. Mrs. Graves will be here in two minutes. 10:30 on school nights, you know."

"Sorry, Hon, I wasn't watching the time. You're not peeved, are you? I mean about the election?"

"Of course not. I told you; I've nothing to do with you politically. I'm not your wife yet; wait until then and I'll really start running your life."

"You do and I'll beat you."

"You'll have to catch me first."

"I'll just call and you'll float into my arms."

"Is that a threat or a promise?"

"Right now, a promise."

"Here she comes and away you go."

"Just when I was about to catch you. I'm telling them tomorrow morning, Peg."

"What?"

"I think it's the only sensible way."

Peg closed the door and turned to escape the watchful glance of Mrs. Graves.

As Dave's feet hit the cold floor the next morning, he heard Bill barge in.

"Bon jour, Monsieur. You're looking tres gai. I can tell you have the joyful news for me, that happy now-I've-decided-good-luck's-ahead gleam reveals all to Swamey."

"You're right, Bill. I've made up my mind."

"Bon. Sign on the dotted line. I took the liberty of getting a form for you, knowing what you'd say."

"I'm not signing, Bill. Tom Allarde took out my form; I'm running for Taus and myself and the school."

"You're crazy! You're sure you mean what I think I heard?"

"You heard right, Bill. I appreciate all the trouble you went to, but I'm sure you won't have any difficulty finding another candidate."

"You're darn right we won't. And he'll slaughter you. You don't stand a chance now, Mr. Righteous."

"But at least I'll know I should have won."

"What?"

"Nothing, Bill. I have to go to class. But thanks again."

Mathematics and the Second Degree of Abstraction

By Patricia Weaver

In mathematics, so much emphasis is put on theory and problems, there is little consideration given to the origin of the concept of number, form, extension, and magnitude. What actually is the origin of the conventional circle and triangle? We do not see them in reality; we see only things that are circular, or triangular. According to Aristotle, *nihil in intellectu nisi prius in sensibus*.¹ Since we know that we have mathematical knowledge, and we do not find a representation of this knowledge as such in concrete, material objects, we conclude that there must be an intermediary process. This process is abstraction. Herein is our problem. What is known concerning the intelligible species through mathematical abstraction? How is this knowledge attained?

Before considering the mathematical or second degree of abstraction, we must first present the background of the formation of an idea. In accordance with Aristotle, we agree that knowledge is first presented to us through the senses. The external senses are acted upon by their proper objects which enable the unifying sense to reproduce an image or percept of the object while it is perceived. This image is retained or recalled in the imagination (when the object is no longer perceived) and is known as the phantasm. But these operations take place in the physical faculties, which cannot in any way influence the intellect. However, both the physical faculties and the intellect are rooted in the same vital principle, and therefore, the intellect can become aware that something is being presented to it by the imagination; that is, it becomes aware that the phantasm is present. In order to take from the phantasm a concept or idea, the intellect must have a power, and this power is the *intellectus agens*, which abstracts from the phantasm the spiritual form or idea of the new thing and now possesses an impression which makes upon itself of that idea or form (*species impressa*). The intellect then turns within itself and contemplates the species impressed upon it by the active intellect. It comes to a knowledge of that form or idea. It grasps its meaning—it understands. This is the *species expressa* or definite knowledge now contained in the intellect.² It is the work of the *intellectus agens* to abstract the potentially intelligible species from the phantasm inasmuch as it frees the species of those particularly material characteristics which cling to it in the internal senses.³ The passive intellect then finishes the work of ideation. This it does by expressing the abstracted nature to consciousness in the form of a concept.⁴ Our principal concern in the process of abstraction is the action of the *intellectus agens*.

Abstraction in general is that act of the intellect in which attention is focused upon one note or element of a reality to the exclusion of others that are naturally connected with it.⁵ It is divided into three degrees. Although there is considerable dissension at the present time as to in what order the first two should appear, we will present them as St. Thomas does. The first is physical abstraction which deals with the whole and its parts. It considers motion and the composition of substantial form with primary matter. The second degree is mathematical abstraction which considers the composition of the substance with its accidents. It investigates forms of bodies apart from matter and movement which cannot, in reality, be separated. The third is that of metaphysical abstraction which considers essence and existence. The mind considers such things as cause, effect, substance, and being. In these degrees of abstraction matter is considered under different aspects. In physical abstraction the mind abstracts from the individual sensible matter but not from common sensible matter. In mathematical abstraction the mind ignores all sensible matter, both individual and common, and also individual intelligible matter, retaining only common intelligible matter, that is, substance as subject to quantity. In metaphysical abstraction, the mind withdraws from all matter both sensible and intelligible.⁶

Pure mathematics is the totality of abstract mathematical sciences, and is concerned with quantity and magnitude. If concrete meanings are substituted for undefined terms in an abstract science, we have a concrete interpretation or application which is applied mathematics.⁷ Although mathematics is a combination of both, we are primarily concerned with pure mathematics in discovering the origin of our ideas. The quantity referred to in pure mathematics is an accident which extends matter or corporeal substance. It implies a composition of parts outside each other, but in orderly relation and dependence upon each other. Quantity may be continuous, as happens when no part is independent of the whole to which it belongs, and the parts are so joined by the common principle of unity in the whole that each part emerges with the part next to it. A line, or the size of an individual thing, are samples of such quantity. Discrete quantity is found where the part belongs to the whole because of some principle of unity, but the part retains an independence in itself as in the case of individuals in a crowd and the digits in a number.⁸ A mathematical body is simply that which possesses three dimensional extension, breadth, length, and height. Lines, numbers, and figures are considered as objects of mathematics. They depend upon sensory matter (the mathematical body) in order to be, but can be understood apart from sensory matter. These objects, then are not real beings, but, in their formal and abstract character, are beings of reason.

In mathematical abstraction the intellect perceives that sensible

accidents occur in a certain order: (1) quantity, (2) qualities, and (3) passions and action. Quantity can therefore be understood prior to any consideration of the sensible qualities; it can be understood solely in relation to the substance upon which it depends. Thus the intellect grasps quantity as a form determining the substance and rendering it capable of affecting the senses; for the sensible qualities inhere in a substance through the intermediary of quantity, and it is these sensible qualities which constitute the proper objects of the external senses. Once it has grasped abstract quantity—quantity considered apart from the sensible qualities which inhere in it, but also apart from this or that substance—the intellect is able to distinguish quantitative parts which can be numbered or measured and is able to use these as principles of demonstration. So we have the science of mathematics.⁹

What is the remotion from sensible matter involved in mathematical abstraction? While prescinding from actual matter, that is, from matter as made known to us through the sensible qualities—it deals with potentially sensible matter, that is, the substance as determined by quantity, which is a sensible accident even though it becomes actually sensible only by reason of the proper sensibles. Potentially sensible matter is twofold: (1) individual—this substance as determined by this quantity, and (2) common—substance as determined by quantity. Since accidents by their very nature are dependent upon substance, it is impossible to abstract an accidental form from the substance in which it inheres; but it can be considered apart from this or that substance. Mathematical abstraction can therefore be defined in terms of a remotion from individual potentially sensible matter.¹⁰

Mathematical entities, on the contrary, depend only remotely upon the external senses and actually sensible matter. They are derived originally from sense experience. We form the notion of a circle, for example, only after we have experienced concrete circular objects. Mathematical entities are lifted up out of this experimental context and given an abstract character of their own. The notion of line, triangle, and seven contain no actually sensible matter, nor are they defined in terms of the same. However, if they are to exist, in the objective world, they must be concretized in sensible matter.¹¹

The intellect by this abstractive operation obtains from the sensible plane characteristics which are essentially mathematical. The mathematician may combine these notes in various ways to obtain the fundamental axioms of various branches of mathematical science taking care that they are compatible. These notes may also be given an extended analogical meaning, making possible schemes of mathematical treatment that are verifiable not directly, but only analogically in the imaginative intuition.¹² Mathematics, then, seeks to represent quantity by symbols in the imagination and the real

properties of this accident are translated into symbolic terms which render them more convenient for numerical manipulation.¹³

Man's universal idea is derived from the process of abstraction. Mathematical abstraction is more illustrative because the similarity of the quantitative parts of various substances can more readily be observed. Mathematical objects are frequently used to demonstrate more complex universal terms, as in considering essence. These objects can also be used to explain conclusions derived from the logical formation of facts in the form of proofs. Since all philosophy depends on man's ability to draw conclusions through logical thought, a basic knowledge of the fundamentals of mathematics is invaluable. It would seem then that mathematics, as for example, Euclid's geometry, is a preparation for logic. Logic is the key to the study of the higher branches of philosophy.

Through the process of mathematical abstraction, quantitative parts are considered apart from sensible matter—quantity is considered apart from substance. Although an accident cannot technically be separated from the substance, it can be considered separately in intellection. This is but one proof of man's superiority in the material universe. Through the powers of his intellect, he can reach the immaterial, the abstract, in his search for truth.

FOOTNOTES

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3. Peter Dunne, O.P., Op. Cit., p. 187.
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5. Rev. William D. Brushmann, S.T.L., *Keystones and Theories of Philosophy* (New York: Benziger Brothers, Inc., 1946), p. 14.
6. F. G. Connolly, "Abstraction and Moderate Realism," *The New Scholasticism*, January, 1953. p. 73.
7. Moses Richardson, "Mathematics and Intellectual Honesty," *The American Mathematical Monthly* February, 1952, p. 74.
8. Rev. William D. Bruckmann. S.T.L., *Keystones and Theories of Philosophy*, p. 94.
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10. Ibid., pp. 205-206.
11. Ibid., p. 206.
12. Everett H. Languier, S.J., "Concerning Some Views on the Structure of Mathematics," *The Thomist*, July 1942, p. 439.
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Awakening

By Carol Ann Krommer

Sheila sat cross-legged on the fire-escape and leaned back against the jutting windowsill. The iron rungs were hot from the sun and she felt the dampness of perspiration against her bare legs.

On the baked street below heat rivers rippled from curb to curb. Nothing stirred on the littered strip of cement from which grew a crop of space-saving burnt brick tenements. Window shades, the same dusty-red, blended with the structures and lost themselves. The clouds stayed out of sight and the heat was like a presence denying the statement of advertisers that Los Angeles was the site of a pleasant and always moderate climate.

Sheila's impassive gaze rested momentarily on the cop at the corner. He sat on an empty apple crate and relaxed against the building, trying to make the most of a meager bit of shade. His cap was low over his eyes. Her glance wavered, then travelled to the "Sno-Cone Shop" across the street.

"You'd think with this heat they'd really be getting the business, but I guess everybody stays inside on days like this, that is, everybody but me. If I were an artist I'd paint this picture—every dismal line of it."

The scene wasn't a new one for Sheila. She'd been seeing it for two years. It was that long ago that she had been a freshman at college.

She shut her eyes to the blinding sunlight and a picture flashed into her mind. She could see a long low hardtop needling through traffic; mentally she heard the screech and felt the lurch from the brakes as the car drew up in front of a small white stucco house that rested comfortably atop two stone steps, rendering just enough room for the sidewalk. Six girls and countless books violently exploded onto the curb. Everyone made for the never-locked front door. Dee Dee, first one inside, collapsed on the sofa and lit a cigarette. Charlene flopped under a Political Science text, while Laurie, with the latest letter from John, withdrew to a corner of the room. Liz aimed herself at the phonograph for some of the latest progressive. Wilma, whose home this was and who was always the last to get in, put the coffee on. Once inside, everyone relaxed.

Sheila tried to remember how the argument had started. They'd been teasing Laurie about her prominent position at school. Sheila had said a little sarcastically, "Do you really think the college would crumble if you quit?"

Strangely for her, Laurie became angry.

"At least I can accept responsibility and I'm not going to college just to get out of working, and have a good time. Why don't you try a little harder, Sheila? If you'd only realize and appreciate how your Dad works to keep you in school! What would you do if anything happened to him?"

The unconcealed disgust hurt Sheila for she had a deep regard for Laurie and wanted her good opinion.

". . . if anything happened to him . . . What could possibly happen to Dad?"

She thought of it momentarily and then dismissed the whole thing as ridiculous.

But then it had come — all of a sudden her father had become ill, at work, and been taken to the hospital. Four days later he was dead.

It had happened and Sheila's whole world went awry. First the house was sold; there were bills to pay. Then they'd moved to this place, this . . . this tenement.

Sheila squirmed, stretched her legs out in front of her. She rubbed the moist impressions of the iron rungs on her brown skin. Her thoughts rambled on.

Sheila found herself looking for a job, and for a girl who had fooled around in high school and done more of the same in that little bit of college; it wasn't easy. You just didn't pick up a good job on looks, though Sheila had plenty. Her copper hair and green eyes had turned and held many a masculine head.

She finally landed a position in a local factory. It was an assembly line job—screw a bolt in here, a nut on there, and just keep on doing it. And she had kept on for two years. Sheila recalled how many times she had almost quit. The desire usually took possession of her after one of those unbearable lunch hours.

Shuddering in spite of the heat, she saw herself in a rectangle of a room. Mustard walls did little to compliment a dirty-beige floor and five-and-dime pictures were hung about, in a vain attempt at interior decoration. Three curtainless windows at the far end of the room bade a dusty welcome to the sunlight. The furnishings consisted of several gun-metal chairs, a few long wooden benches, a green refuse can and a cigarette vendor. A low coffee table occupied the center of the floor, laden with a time-worn collection of magazines. This was the "Ladies Lounge," or so said the sign outside the door.

The Ladies Lounge at noon was the bright spot in the workers' day. Sheila wondered how the other workers could enjoy the place so much while she found it so loathsome.

There were those Mexican girls with their chatter. Sheila was sick of hearing meaningless syllables in a language she couldn't understand, and she doubted sometimes whether they themselves understood it.

The part-time girls bothered her too. They didn't seem to know much about anything and took great pleasure in discussing and giggling over their own blunders. The work they did required little intelligence and they had little.

Sheila could have tolerated Spanish language problems and empty-headed relief girls. But there was another crowd—the regulars, the “old timers.” These girls knew it all. There wasn't anything they couldn't tell you—anything at all. Jokes or remarks with double meaning always got the rise for which they were intended and scandal was always accorded the same worldly chuckle.

It was this group that Sheila found most repulsive. Each effort she put forth to join them was met with her own self-condemnation. She recalled how, from time to time, she had found herself wondering if work and the factory were the sum of life for her. Was there nothing higher? No purpose or goal? The question had become a kind of fear. It made her feel like reaching for something.

Then one day she had discovered Marina. Why hadn't Sheila noticed her before? She was in the lounge when Marina breezed in, fresh as the salt air at the end of Sunset Boulevard. She had headed straight for Sheila and sat down next to her. First there had been the usual small talk. Then as the conversation continued, Sheila found herself fascinated by a totally different personality.

Getting to know Marina wasn't difficult. She was vivid and intense yet serene, and she inspired Sheila with an awed curiosity. She had something, but what it was Sheila couldn't guess. She made up her mind to find out.

Time passed and Sheila awoke to the fact that her lunch hour was the climax and not the anticlimax of her day. She had come to count on the talks with Marina.

One day during lunch, Sheila and Marina sat munching cold sandwiches from sack lunches. Marina brought up the subject of the approaching union elections.

“I hate to think how that election will go next month.”

Sheila looked puzzled. “Why should it make any difference to you?”

“You don't understand, Sheila. Everybody knows Zenith is a Communist Union. There's nothing they'd like better than to grab this plant. That's what we can't let happen.”

Sheila still looked dubious. “I just don't see what we can do to stop it.” Inwardly she recalled all she'd heard on the evils of com-

munism. Denied individual rights . . . state supreme . . . fostered atheism, atheism . . . no God . . .

Marina snapped her back to reality.

"Don't you see? There's no interest here. Nobody around here cares which union gets the factory. Don't you know how important it is? We've got to see that the vote goes to National. And there are ways to do it."

"And just what would you suggest, stuffing the ballot box?"

"No, no. Just listen for a minute. There is a group of people who, instead of avoiding a bad situation, try to change it."

Sheila almost laughed. "What, another club?" But the urgency in Marina's face stopped her. She sat quietly, waiting for the rest.

"It's not a club, it's a movement. There's a priest . . . Father Keller. He started the movement and he calls his workers the Christophers . . . Christ Bearers. Their philosophy is that anyone can change the world. The Christophers work like yeast in dough, which disappears when the bread has raised.

I am a Christopher. I want to change the attitude here. I want these girls to work for something, because they're sure it's good and right. And . . . Sheila . . . I need someone's help."

"But . . . but I've never done anything like that. What business have I trying to change things?"

A long discussion and argument had followed. Marina had explained and pleaded, and Sheila had finally surrendered, though she was still apprehensive and confused.

Marina's enthusiasm was contagious and Sheila found a part of herself that she'd little known. She did want to help.

Marina already had the idea that an argument could be staged in the Ladies Lounge at lunchtime for the benefit of disinterested workers. But it bothered Sheila that she had to argue pro-Communist after Marina's indoctrination against it.

When the time came Sheila carried her part well. She had deliberately tried not to be too convincing. The reaction was amazing. Some girls who had never opened their mouths, argued against her. Yet these were not all the girls. There were still many who refused to take any notice of the discussion. These had to be reached.

It was then that Marina proposed a plan for personal contact.

In the days that followed Marina and Sheila made it a point to talk to the leaders of the group personally. As Sheila remembered it now, she was sure that she had had the toughest egg to crack. This girl's name was Rita and it was generally known that she held strongly for Zenith. Sheila spent every lunch hour for a week with Rita. She tried to show her the benefits available from the right

union and the misguiding promises of the wrong union. It was worth all the time and discouragement, because now Rita could help, too.

Progress was steady, but tension mounted as the day of election approached. It came finally, and the enthusiasm and support had come as Marina said it would. Sheila had never felt so proud, nor so humble. She knew that she'd never forget that look of triumph on Marina's face at the end of the long day.

Sheila furrowed her hot red hair with her fingers. She blinked and looked again at the old setting before her. A smile played over her mouth and lingered at the corners; she imagined, no . . . she knew that some of the bitterness was gone from the scene. The unbearable heat was at last relenting.

MADONNA OF MANU-EWA

By Patricia Ching

*The warm sea hushes the sands of Manu.
And silently the moon and stars and torch
Of lonely fisherman by a still canoe
Glow in the smooth-textured night, where scorch
Of sun had lately driven golden fish
To depths cool among the coral rents.
Malia, brown maid of Manu, the swish
Of palms is in your lullaby, the scent
Of mountain ginger in your hair. Soon
The small One falls asleep, Who only knows
The love of brown eyes soft as light of moon.
Your song becomes the sorrowing you chose—
That Pele's peak rising in dormant vice
Would some day burst in fiery sacrifice.*

VALIANT WOMAN

By Carron Vincent

*The star
was made in the no-beginnings of
wisdom before the seas were
conceived and she oversaw the
preparation of her dominions.*

*The enmity
of darkness is powerless
against the light not her
own but the reflection of
the Sun on her sons.*

From Nine to Three

By Phyllis Kiney

The 9:00 bell interrupts my muddled thoughts, and the sound of rattling lunch bags, shuffling feet, and moving chairs fills the room. Gradually silence once again occupies the honored position, and the opening routine of the day is finished.

I stand looking down at the circle of shiny faces, the freckles, the crew-cuts, the braids and bouncing curls, and the turned-up noses. Reggie's mischievous hands draw yellow chalk marks on his shoes. Donald's owlsh eyes peer at me through his horn-rimmed glasses. Frances covers her gangly legs with her too-short dress. My thirty-six little personalities are all there, excited to begin work.

Excitement always huddles near the building of a new house. We aren't exactly building a house—only the front porch, but we are excited thinking of its finished look: the roof of cardboard tile slants down from the top of the cloakroom partition to three ivy-entwined posts. A backdrop of the front wall and windows of the imaginary casa camouflages the partition wall. Today is the ground-breaking—or rather, the first nail-driving.

Sounds easy, you say? Have you ever been in the same room with thirty-six nine-year-olds who are simultaneously doing their own particular job?

Children attack their work, while I, as general supervisor, saunter around the room. I stride toward a group. Three bare posts stand erect in a bucket of sand. Steve steadies a board against one of the posts, while Ronnie nails it down with an oversized spike. Suddenly a voice screeches out above all the noise and I look up to see Jeff scaling the bookcase and perching atop the partition wall, calling to the animals of the jungle in the sixth grade room down the hall. (They are studying South America.)

Two minutes later, Jeff rescued, I move to another group who are turning out tiles in assembly-line fashion. A cardboard roll slides down the line from the bisecting department to the paint shop, to the stapler station. Things are running too smoothly. I wait for the unexpected. It comes! Virginia's starch-stiff dress soaks up the paint from an overturned can, while Gordon staples a tile to his shirt-tail. Meanwhile, I rush over to Peter who is thrusting his thumb under his saw. A word of caution rescues the periled member.

My eyes explore the efforts on the mural. My little Raphaels have sketched the windows and now tackle the figure of an Indian woman standing on the veranda. She is a picture of beauty—the size of a small truck with the shoulders of a football player and two long

handless arms. (They haven't gotten to the hands yet.) The artists look on their masterpiece with pride.

Toward a far corner a group of children are mixing and molding an adobe brick. The too-small pan is bulging with dirt, straw, and water. Their dirt-splotched faces and hands disclose their toil. But where . . . ? Bryan confirms my worst fears. "Howard and Jim went downstairs to wash up."

The trail of mud-clods is as easy to follow as the white line down the middle of the road: out our door, down the stairs, around the corner to the washroom, through the "IN" door and the "OUT" door, back to the hallway, down the main corridor, into the principal's office. There at the end of the rainbow is my pot of gold—two guilty-looking, mud-laden brickbuilders. I stammer an apology to Mrs. Carpenter, the principal (what can one say in a situation like this?) and hurry my two delinquents to the washroom.

Howard and Jim spend the next twenty minutes assuming the duties of the school janitor. The recess bell confirms their finished chore. Their muddy, corduroy-clad legs dash to their positions in the kick-ball area, while I sigh in relief.

Now you have twenty minutes to recover, you say? Not exactly. I have twenty minutes to write the reading follow-up work on the board (a different assignment for each of the three reading groups), hang the spelling chart, stack the papers needed for the balance of the morning, run downstairs to check my mail, file my absentee slip, and check in at the nurse's office to see how Peter's thumb is (he still hasn't learned to follow directions). Finally I collapse on a chair for a minute's relaxation only to hear the bell that announces that my twenty minute "rest period" has vanished. My little angels troop into the room, breathless and wet-faced, and scamper to their seats.

Reading progresses smoothly with only a few minor interruptions: Reggie continues to shoot rubber bands after repeated warnings; Abbey is crawling under her table to find her missing shoe; Bob Mike still talks to his neighbor, even though I have changed his seat three times.

I look up from my reader to see three of my most dependable workers gathered around the windows, sending sign language code messages to their friends. An inquiry into the reason for the disturbance discloses that we have a guest sitting on our window-sill—a grey and white dove with jet-black eyes. Now it isn't everyday that we have such a distinguished visitor, (besides I know that we will accomplish nothing in reading until our nine-year-old curiosities are satisfied) so I graciously consent to let them see our feathery ambassador. Of course, we must be perfectly silent so as not to

frighten him away. Like animated manikins we file past the designated place, hardly daring to breathe. Mr. Dove eyes us with a note of superiority in his stare, and I detect a slight snobbishness in his up-turned tail. Suddenly, with an air of boredom in the flap of his wings, he flies away. Why he chose our window-sill as a rest-haven I do not know, since dove language is not among my listed accomplishments.

Our nature study completed, we return to the duller subject of spelling. (Our reading time flew away with the bird). "Look at the word. Close your eyes and think the word. Check your picture with the one on the board—F-O-U-N-D . . ." Five monotonous words later, I realize the hands of the clock have finally reached that vertical position signifying lunch time. The next two minutes is a maze of clearing desks, grabbing lunches, and dashing to be first in line. All my hungry gremlins stream out to the lunch benches—all but one, that is. Rik is going through the routine of looking for his lost lunch. After using all the techniques of a true Sam Spade, we discover that he forgot his lunch today, and he scampers off to "borrow" a sandwich or two from his pals.

As for myself, lunch must wait. I have yard duty. I walk amidst the crossfire of kickballs, my courage undaunted by the danger that surrounds me. (Strangely enough, I always emerge unscathed.) Little reservoirs of energy race around their teachers.

At last 12:20 arrives and I wind my way across the battlefield to the teachers' room. Over a cheese sandwich and a thermos of fruit juice, I contribute my share to the melting-pot of conversation. In the midst of Mrs. Malloy's melodic description of last night's burned roast, I politely excuse myself, explaining the necessity of preparing for the afternoon.

One o'clock finds my Olympic champions falling into their seats, refreshed and ready for the four multiplication tables that slip through their uncoordinated fingers. If only some of it will stick to their minds, like the dirt of the swishing ball, sticks to their hands. "Two four's are eight. Three four's are twelve. Four four's are sixteen . . ." The numbers fade by as swiftly as the minutes on the clock.

A vacant seat stares at me. Robert is lost again—but not really lost. From experience I have learned that Robert's absences signal the arrival of music time. Escorting the children downstairs, I find my "Lost Chord" under the scrutinous direction of Miss Simms, the music teacher, trying to discover where "do" is in the key of B Flat. I return to my room for a free half-hour.

My red pencil glides across each paper, making "c's" and "x's". Regina lives up to her usual perfect record. Cathy and her neighbor, John, both missed the same two problems. Barbara's paper is a

showcard of neatness, while Howard's displays the holes made by the worn-out eraser on the end of his tooth-marked pencil. And Jeff—will he ever learn how to subtract?

The stack of papers diminishes and soon my chirping canaries return, just in time for the physical education period. "The boys will play kick-ball and the girls prisoner's ball." Their nimble bodies pass swiftly into the playfield, where they laugh and run and jump—and argue, but their little quarrels vanish as quickly as rain puddles in the sun. Their games end and we reluctantly return to the room to spend the last half hour learning the differences between "pitcher" and "picture." It doesn't take my athletically-minded brood long to discover that "pitcher" means a ball player, and that 'you just use "picture" whenever you don't mean "pitcher".' It takes the next twenty-five minutes to implant in their heads the fact that "pitcher" has more than one meaning, although I think that, for the time being at least, "pitcher" will only be their hero on the ball-field.

Now we are lined-up, waiting for the final bell,—sweaters half-on, coats dragging on the floor, lunch boxes rattling. I stand at the door watching the miracles of childhood disappear around the bend in the stairs, its face smudged with dirt, but its soul pure and clean and God-like.

I straighten up the room, pick up my books and papers, and wearily, yet happily, move to the exit. I close the door knowing that tomorrow, on opening it again, I will smell the fresh innocence of another ordinary day in the classroom.

PILGRIM VIRGIN

By Sally Snow

*From wide brown plains it has come,
Trapped by black hunters,
Carried over sun worn trails by their strength,
Borne across seas in the merchant ship's hold,
Its whiteness shrouded from light,
Covered layer upon layer deep in the fastness,
Stored within the warehouse,
Odor of musk and sandalwood caressing its smoothness
While hooded eyes measure its worth,
Given to the hands of the artist,
Shaped with chisel, carved with knife
Until it is modeled in thy image, O Tower of Ivory.*

Symbols of Chinese Gardens

By Betty Mae Cabrol

Chinese gardening is not so much an art as an evolution—the growth of character, but is an expression of the national spirit, the beautiful grace, the outward and visible sign of a country's inward and spiritual beliefs, and it is for this reason that study of the symbols of Chinese gardens is pertinent to the study of the history of a country and its people. The history of a country is the outgrowth of its culture. The Chinese garden is symbolic of what the people hold as something dear and cherishable. With this purpose in mind, it would be well to give a brief history of Chinese gardens, with the symbolic meaning of the things that go into the making of these masterpieces of natural art.

In the Orient, demons and devils do not haunt rocks and streams and trees; but there is rather a feeling that rocks and trees are themselves in some way sentient beings and possess a sort of kinship to humanity. No Oriental fears nature itself; instead of wishing to escape from it, there has been rather a yearning to fly to it when life becomes too pressing. It follows then, that they have a different feeling toward the things that remind them of nature, and when they build their gardens they put into them the things that would aid this remembrance. Their religions aided this love of nature and many religious symbols have been applied to every day objects.

The Taoists taught that activity is useless; that the only reality is inward; that man must often return to the quietude and beauty of nature if he is to know the reason for his being and the relationship to the world around him. The Taoists were crystalizing a very human instinct found all over the world, as expressed by a Hebrew poet,

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength . . ."

Although the Taoists were the first in China to express man's harmony with nature, they were not the only ones to put this into concrete form. The same idea appears as a basic concept of Buddhism in which man is conceived as but one of the manifestations of nature and his return to the cosmic element as the end and the subject of his world strife.

The first large gardens of China were constructed as expressions of imperial wealth and power. They developed from vast hunting reserves which included natural hills, lakes, forests and streams.

Chinese gardens of the T'ang period, from which Japan drew her

inspiration, were symbolically naturalistic landscape gardens. Some of them illustrated the charming Chinese mythical belief that somewhere in the Eastern Ocean were islands of eternal youth and happiness. The earliest record of islands artificially constructed in a garden lake, dates back to the Han empire and a belief in the Isles of the Immortals. A tale of three magic isles is told in connection with the construction of these islets. Formerly it was said that men had been able to reach the Magic Isles, but in later days whenever a boat approached, it was driven away by storms. Only those persons in Chinese mythology who had learned the secret of immortality were allowed to live on these islands. These immortals or Sennin were not disembodied spirits but were living men and women of great wisdom who had learned the secret of postponing death. They flew about wherever they liked on the backs of cranes, as we often see depicted in Chinese painting. Therefore because of their symbol of longevity, the crane and the turtle have been curiously interwoven into Oriental garden art and are revered in garden figurines. However, we have a clash between the two predominant religious sects concerning the matter. The Buddhists were against the construction of islands founded on a Taoist myth. They chose instead to represent Mount Sumeru, which in Buddhist literature is an attempt to visualize the universe. "It is described as a vast peak of almost inconceivable height, rising from an unlimited ocean. It is four-sided; broader at the bottom than in the center. It is the central axis of the universe around which all heavenly bodies revolve. Rising out of the sea to heaven, it is surrounded by seven concentric rings of rocky mountains which inclose a circular sea. These have given rise to the descriptive name, Nine Mountains and Seven Seas."¹

Other gardens held caves suggesting the mountains where Taoist sages retired to commune with nature. The chief features of Chinese gardens are a pond with islands in it and rocks. Rocks and stones have always been indispensable to Chinese gardens, outwardly because they are a necessary part of nature, inwardly because as Chuin Tung says, "stone has the quality of unchangeable solidity which the human character often lacks."² The Chinese garden therefor, symbolizes life created by the union of two elements; the "Yang" represented in heaven, rocks, mountains, light, man and good; second the "Yin" seen in earth, water, darkness, woman and trouble.

The placement of the gardens is important. It is unlucky to have the garden facing north because of evil spirits and evil biting winds. The West is also taboo, unless some well-loved mountain can be seen from that side, for the summer sun from that quarter burns

¹Charles F. Horne, Ph.D., *Sacred Books and Early Literature of the East*, New York: Austin and Lipacomb Inc., 1924.

²Chuin Tun, *Tien Hsien Monthly*, Oct. 1936.

³H. T. Morgan, *Chinese Symbols and Superstitions*, California: P. D. and Ione Perkins, 1942.

and parches. The Southern exposure is the most desired; it provides warmth in winter and the cool breeze in summer. The East is also considered lucky. Water too, must come from these directions. Little garden brooks are often diverted and coaxed, apparently uphill, in order to have them run from south to north, so that they might not bring into the place, the goblins and adverse influences of the north. Since the garden is a sanctuary, the private chapel, the religious retreat of the family, as well as its place of pleasure, and relaxation, the adornment of the street side is not considered, as is the practice in Occidental countries.

The Chinese gardens are enclosed by high walls and fences. In these walls and fences, we have the three degrees of finish; highly wrought, medium and the rough. These probably bear some religious significance, comparable to our idea of heaven, purgatory and hell. Inscribed on these walls are many symbolical figures, the most popular of which is the dragon. The ancients of China believed that life had its origin in water, and that water was controlled by the dragon gods; when these dragon gods awoke in the springtime, and went thundering through the heavens, they caused rain to fall; the soil, plants and trees absorbed this water, thus receiving vital energy, which renewed their youth. The fences inclosing the gardens are allied to their namesakes; for example, there is the moon-entering screen fence, which has a single opening slightly broken at one side, for a Plum tree's twisted branch and trunk to appear.

A unique feature of the Chinese gardens is the lack of flowers. Flowers are not employed as an outstanding feature. They are not essential; however, the Chinese regard flowers with great esteem because of their symbolism. There is a flower for each month in the year. For example, the Lotus, the sacred flower of China, is symbolic of summer and fruitfulness, and because of its numerous seeds, it is also emblematic of offspring. When used as a sacred symbol, it is always accompanied by ribbons which represent the sacred rays emanating from the blossoms. Buddha and Buddhist priests are often represented as seated on the Lotus, and it is one of the eight treasures or auspicious signs on the sole of Buddha's foot. Another flower highly esteemed and considered the choicest of all flowers is the Chrysanthemum. It is the only one allowed to die in the courtyard; it is the flower of retirement and culture.

Another important part of the Chinese garden is the arrangement of trees. Trees are carefully selected, for tree worship in ancient times was widespread; seldom was a tree that grew near a grave or temple cut down. It is no wonder, then, that we should find an abundance of trees within the walks of Chinese gardens. Trees were considered sacred, and often were decorated with lanterns and garlands. There is a legend of a man, Hu Kang, who was "banished to the moon and condemned to the task of cutting down the Cassia tree which grows there, but as fast as he hewed out a chip, another grew

in its place and Hu Kang remains there, working away at the endless task.”³

Part of this tree worship ceremony is the placement of a shrine at the fork of a tree where the spirit of a local god is thought to dwell. A strip of red cloth or red paper is attached to a tree to prevent it from injury and to keep the evil spirits away as they always avoid the color red which is symbolic of good fortune. Hence red is the national color of China. Trees are looked upon with awe by the Chinese. The Peach tree has a very important place in Chinese gardens. The wood of the tree was used by the Taoist priests to make seals for their talismans and amulets. The fruit gave immortality to the Immortals and is called the “fairy fruit.” The Peach blossoms in February, at the first new moon of the year, which is considered the most propitious time for marriage, and therefore the tree is a symbol of spring, immortality, marriage and long life. The God of Long Life is sometimes pictured emerging from a peach tree. Peach stones are carved into locket shapes and used as amulets to keep children from death. A spray of the blossoms is placed over the door of a home at New Year to prevent evil spirits from entering. The willow is another tree often connected with the warding off of evil spirits. It was used by the spiritulists to contact the spirit world. Women wear a spray of willow in their hair to ward off blindness; and the Buddhist uses it to sprinkle water, as it is thought to have a purifying effect. Another tree often found in a garden is a plum, and the Japonica or love tree, which is symbolic of married happiness.

In conclusion, I would like to describe a Chinese garden. It is a landscaped garden with the lake as its central feature. Most often this was no mere pond, but a real lake, quite large enough to float the gaily colored dragon barges. It is inclosed on its far side by trees and hills, real or artificial and islands reached by bridges. Large beautifully arranged stones outline the edge of the water and give emphasis to the rising ground on the far side. Totally enclosing the garden is the garden wall which makes this a secluded retreat; a place to think; and this perhaps is the cause for so many great Chinese philosophers who were able to take time out, to think, in these retreats.

I feel that a study of these gardens has given me a better insight into the cultural beliefs of the Chinese people; into a culture which existed before our own. It is through a study of some of the cultural characteristics of a people, that we can better appreciate the history and the spirit of nationalism of a country, such as China.

Let's Visit the Philosophers

A Reading from Aristotle on Communism

By Shirley de Luca

This selection of Aristotle deals with the question of property: should the citizens of the perfect state have their possessions in common or not?

This discussion shows that even in the time of Aristotle there was some concern over this problem, which is still a highly debated subject today.

Aristotle discusses some of the advantages and disadvantages of communism and then gives us his conclusion. Property should be in a certain sense common, but, as a general rule, private; for when everyone has a distinct interest, men will not complain of one another, and they will make more progress, because everyone will be attending to his own business.

Aristotle ends his discussion of communism with these words: "Let us remember that we should not disregard the experience of ages: in the multitude of years these things, if they were good, would certainly not have been unknown; for almost everything has been found out, although sometimes they are not put together: in other cases men do not use the knowledge they have."

To me, this shows a great insight into human nature. Perhaps if more people would consider this philosophy there would be a greater unity among them.

I enjoyed this selection very much because Aristotle's ideas are very concrete, logical and interesting.

Readings From PHAEDO by Plato

Reviewed by Betty Mae Cabrol

DEATH OF SOCRATES

Plato represents Phaedo as relating the events of the day to his friend Echecrates. The work may be represented as a drama with Socrates the protagonist; Simmias and Cebes the secondary performers and other characters like Crito, Apollodorus, and the Jailer.

We find Socrates preparing not only himself but his friends for his death. As Socrates concludes his fable of the other worlds, he bids his hearers be of good hope. He acknowledges that the fatal hour that must come to all, now summons him. His final command is that they take heed for themselves. When Crito asks him how he desires to be buried, he rebukes them for thinking of him as a dead body for, death will only be the gateway through which his body

must "fly away" to the company of the ancestral judges and the land of the blessed.

As he withdraws to bathe, his disciples remain discussing their great calamity for it seems "we were to pass the remainder of our lives as children deprived of their father." After he bathed, he summoned his children and the women of his house and having bade farewell to them, very calmly, he returned to his friends.

The jailer, crying, comes in and announces that the time has come. Socrates rebukes Crito for bidding him seek delay. The cup is brought, and with a prayer for a happy journey, he drinks the poison. He chides his friends for weeping, and lying down he quietly meets his end. His last words to Crito were: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius. Do not forget to pay it."

These last words of Socrates have been interpreted in different ways. Some maintain that Socrates had a vow to fulfill all religious duties, to others it seems likely that Socrates would playfully call death a release from life's fitful fever, and so he wished that the customary sacrifice to the God of healing be performed.

The scene is one of the inimitable masterpieces of literature, and although read in translation, its beauty is not entirely effaced. Its greatest value is found in the legitimate pathos.

Plato's description of his master's death is singular for the complete absence of anything repulsive or violent. Plato was not present at Socrates' death, but there is no reason for doubting that his account of it is substantially correct. The philosophy of the *Phaedo*, is not Socratic, but Platonic.

Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Arts

Discussed by Betty Mae Cabrol

Aristotle in his *Poetics* is deeply interested in the psychological origins of art. Poetry, and art in general results from native tendencies in mankind. Of the human qualities that must have originally produced art, the first is the impulse to imitate, a habit pervading the animate world, but most notable in man, for he is more imitative than any other creature. The rest act by instinct, while man learns, at first, by imitation, and so he advances more and more in accomplishment. Thus, children display the artistic and imitative impulse when as little actors, they improvise their games and dramas. Secondly, there is the natural pleasure we all take in observing acts as products of imitation. As adults or children love to enact a drama, so they love to watch its production. Even when the object imitated is repulsive as a toad or a corpse, we delight in the work of the artist, who represents the object faithfully. We may dislike the things, but the "imitations" give artistic pleasure. They satisfy the

universal desire to learn, for, among the human pleasures, that of learning is the keenest. Men even of limited capacity enjoy looking at a portrait, since in the act of observing it, they acquire knowledge and draw inferences.

One can notice a division in the art; for some men are by nature more grave, and some are less; and hence in the early times the graver spirits would represent noble actions while the meaner would affect the doings of the ignoble. Thus on one side we should have hymns and panegyrics, and on the other, lampoons.

Aristotle's reading seemed no more difficult than Plato's. Perhaps the reason was that I did not choose one of his more abstract themes such as his theme on dreams. His style is clear, but does not give a complete theory of poetry. This is probably due to the imperfect form in which this treatise has come down to us.

Aristotle can be appreciated not only for his expression of a philosophy but as a guide in philosophy and as an aid toward the pursuit of truth, to which he thought all men to be dedicated, and to which his philosophy is still a unique contribution.

Confessions of St. Augustine

BOOK I: I-VII

PRAYER TO GOD AND MEDITATION UPON GOD

Reviewed by Roberta Boken

For my Patristic study I chose this book because I felt that in order to really understand St. Augustine, we should know his inner thoughts about God.

It is indeed uplifting to read these pages praising God. St. Augustine has endeavored to make up for his sinful life by recording his praise, honor, and love of God. In his book he has revealed to all readers his sinful actions, to show us the vileness of sin and the goodness of God. Everyone seeks good; therefore anything evil obstructs our desires for good. The passages in the book are quite personal giving the reader an insight into the thoughts of St. Augustine on religious matters.

St. Augustine was a great lover. His one desire was to love and to be loved. From this we can understand that unless he had something to love he would be unhappy. Searching for love is a burning emotion . . . one that gnaws at one's inner soul. This craving for love overcame Augustine and led him into sin.

It is interesting to note that St. Augustine was a good student; he desired knowledge. Knowledge leads to truth and the essence of truth is God. So that God was pulling St. Augustine towards Him, through his studies and through his mother Monica.

Once St. Augustine received the Truth (God), he was wrapped up in the things of God. His whole being was filled with love of God.

Sin was not attractive to him as it had been before—for the realization that sin can only hurt God—the essence of goodness—filled Augustine with remorse.

The same realization may come to those who read the account of St. Augustine. When we are young everything seems new and exciting. We are anxious to try something dangerous. It is only through maturity and the awareness of God that we are able to push aside the rising passions within us, for more wholesome activities.

To conclude, we shall show our dependence upon God by taking a passage from St. Augustine's *Confessions* to renew our faith in God.

"Yet, though I am but dust and ashes, suffer me to utter my plea to thy mercy, suffer me to speak since it is to God's mercy that I speak and not to man's scorn."

The Letters of St. Ambrose

LETTER XXII

Reviewed by Roberta Boken

Letters are perhaps more direct in coming to the point than speech to a dear one. St. Ambrose has given to us many letters, written to his family and to high dignitaries. One of the letters that attracted me was written to his sister, Marcellina. This letter is important because it shows that God was working through Ambrose in the establishment of new Churches.

At first we are surprised at the lack of affection in his writing to his sister, but we realize that this is a serious letter and that men as a rule do not portray in words their affection for their sisters.

St. Ambrose had prayed and had promised to dedicate a Church if he could find any relics of martyrs. Led by a vision he proceeded to break ground before the rails of the Church of Ss. Nabor and Felix. He found there the bones of two men of large stature. These were surrounded by damp blood. They were the relics of two martyred Roman soldiers, Saints Gervaise and Protase. The bodies were taken to the Basilica of Fausta and many people were cured of their diseases.

Ambrose was to give a sermon to the people but he felt inadequate because of the wonderful gift God had bestowed on them. When he ended the sermon he wished to bury the relics the next day; but the people protested. The Arians refused to believe that the relics had anything to do with the miracles that had taken place, since their discovery, so there was much opposition.

This letter shows the guardianship of the Church, plus God working for us through his ministers. The people then as now, were hungry for God and wished to keep the relics of His saints near them, for a longer period.

Ambrose had a great knowledge of the times and the needs of the people. His letter was very thought provoking but a bit deep. Yet it impressed one with the conviction that God answers the prayers of those who trust in Him.

St. Ambrose "On Naboth"

Reviewed by Georgia Maloney

In his sermon, "De Nabuthae," St. Ambrose complains bitterly against the heartless avarice and luxury of the rich of the Roman Empire. Their encroachments upon the defenseless poor became especially notorious in the last quarter of the Fourth century; Ambrose spent his last years complaining a great deal of the increasing avarice on the part of the rich and even of the clergy.

The oratorical tone and manner of this sermon certainly achieve their purpose. We are moved by the powerful denunciation of the rich, the vivid pictures of abuses, the appeals for justice and mercy toward the poor, the terrible warnings that the rich and mighty are as nothing before the power of God, and they must render account to Him.

Ambrose uses the story of Naboth, the Israelite who had a vineyard near the palace of the king, Achab. The Samaritan king wanted the vineyard and was sick with disappointment and greed when he found that he could not purchase it. It was not a rich vineyard; the king had a richer one and more; still he could not stand the sight of it as long as it belonged to someone else . . . even a very poor man.

He then goes on to tell of the rich men who beat, imprison, or kill the poor who are indebted to them. They force the poor to evil in order that they may survive; they order the poor man and his sons sold . . . anything to get what is owed them, rich as they are.

The tone of this entire sermon is a bitter attack upon those vices which I have mentioned, and which were so prevalent at this time. It is a moving example of the powers of oratory or of oratorical style, which can still move us as we read . . . without the forceful delivery that must have been Ambrose's.

Tertullian Treatises on Marriage and Remarriage

Discussed by Clara Ruiz

The three treatises on marriage and remarriage show clearly Tertullian's mistaken concepts toward remarriage. The theme of all three compositions is the subject of remarriage. Tertullian strongly opposed remarriage and in *Ad Uxorem*, addressed to his wife, he advises against remarriage: "This charge, then I lay on you, that exercising all the self control of which you are capable, you renounce marriage after I have passed away."

These are the various arguments Tertullian presents against remarriage. He says that it is concupiscence, manifested in a variety of ways, which impels people to remarry a second time; since these concupiscence are rooted in pride, avarice, and ambition, Christians should strongly resist them. Another argument presented by Tertullian, is that Monogamy is blessed by God; it was planned by Him for the purpose of populating the earth, and to make provision for the propagation of mankind. Hence, it was permitted, but only once may it be contracted. For Adam was the only husband that Eve had, and she was the only wife he had, and therefore, the man whom God made, Adam, and the woman, Eve, living in monogamy, fixed this as an inviolable law for mankind. (The Bible gives no proof of this i.e. when Eve died.) Tertullian also argues against remarriage by saying that when God separates husband and wife by death of one or the other, He indicates His will that they remain single. He says that, "why attempt to restore what God has put asunder? Why spurn the liberty which is offered you, by enslaving yourself once more by the bonds of marriage?"

There are several other arguments presented by Tertullian but since I found these of particular interest and ridiculous besides, I'd like to show why I think so.

First of all, in his first argument, that "concupiscence impels people to remarry a second time," there are many people who find it necessary to remarry, as in the case of a widow, who has been left with a number of dependent children, finds it necessary to remarry again to provide for the financial, social, emotional and even religious needs of the children. Others remarry as a compliment to their first marriage; which was happy and successful. Therefore, it is not concupiscence which impels people to remarry. And in his argument that God, is opposed to remarrying, we may use the example of Ruth, who was blessed by God in her second marriage to Booz. Also his argument using the example of Adam and Eve is weak; it would have been quite ridiculous for either one of them to have married one of their descendents in the event of the death of one. To say that it is God's way of indicating that He wants one spouse to live singly after the death of the other, is rather false, because God has perhaps another purpose for doing so; the dead spouse perhaps was best prepared then to meet his judgment and therefore God called Him. Another thing is that we often take too much for granted by saying that it is the will of God; just because we want to do it.

St. Augustine's "De Beata Vita"

Discussed by Clara Ruiz

The theme of the discussion in *De Beata Vita*, is man's desire to be happy. In this conversation dedicated and addressed to Manlius

Theodorus, St. Augustine by dialectic argumentation, attempts to define the concept of the "happy life." In the introduction St. Augustine explains how he came to enter into the port of Philosophy. He gives the time, setting, and the participants of the dialogue who are: Monica, his mother, Navigius, his brother, Trygetius, Licentius, Lastidianus, Rusticus and Adeodatus, his son. Here he also speaks of three classes of seafarers. The first is made up of those who through little effort are able to set themselves up in the world as something to be copied. The second are those who are deceived by false earthly pleasures and concepts; they go astray from the truth, but are brought back by slight mishaps. Between these two are those who are the victims of conflict; either they chose the right road to truth, or the wrong, and if they stay too far from the truth, they are often imperiled.

In the second part which consists of the dialogue on the discussion, St. Augustine attempts to define the concept. He compares the quest for knowledge, with the desire for food. The discussion is analogous to the consumption of food at a banquet. On the first day, they discuss the needs of the soul. Man consists of soul and body; as the body is in need of food, so is the soul. While no one is happy without possessing the objects of his desire; not everyone who possesses what he desires is happy. St. Augustine uses the example of orata, a wealthy epicure, to show this point. They conclude then, that only those who possess God are happy; however, who possesses God? They said, he who does what God wills, possesses God. Adeodatus the youngest of the discourses says that "Whoever has a spirit free from uncleanness has God. However, St. Augustine believed that not everyone who lives a good life possesses God. Monica said that everyone possesses God; but if one lives righteously, he has God favorable to him, and if wrongly, hostile. She said that to possess God, and not to be without God, are two quite different things. (Monica was a good philosopher herself.) He who lives righteously possesses God, that is, has Him propitious to him; he who lives a bad life also possesses God, but as hostile to him. But whoever is still seeking God, and has not found Him, has Him neither as propitious nor as hostile, yet is not without God. Happiness is not found in wisdom which is the wisdom of God. Therefore, St. Augustine concludes that the satisfaction of souls, the happy life, to recognize piously and completely the One through whom you are led into the truth, the nature of the truth you enjoy, and the bond that connects you with the supreme measure. The Supreme Measure is God.

GRADUATION

By Sister Angela, S. N.

*Who said June is full of roses?
Why the longing sighs through May?
How can you count the hours duration
'Till that tearful, joyful day?
When the knotted ties of friendship
And the love of each Mount Day,
Will never come again to help us
Bear the burden of our way.
June means roses, thorns remain,
Through the sun of joyful parting,
Comes the sweetly-bitter rain.*

THE CHIMES OF ST. MARY'S

(Tune of "The Bells of St. Mary's")

By Sister Angela, S. N.

1

*The chimes on our Mountain,
Are recalling mem'ries,
Of heart-throbbing friendships,
Of true love in act.
When we hear them chiming,
We lift up our hearts high,
To thank the Lord, Who made the Mount,
So sing or die.*

2

*The evening is closing,
We feign would stay longer,
But June's here, and parting
Must ever come nigh.
We can't take the Mountain,
Our beloved fountain,
But we will bring, hearts full and sing,
Oh Mount of Joy!*

